evening. The quaint "rows", half-timbered houses and gables of the city wall appeal to me so. This is my last night on this side. It has been a glorious summer. I'm sorry to leave it but still look forward to the days at sea.

Wednesday Aug. 18 -

This morning I awakened to find merry old England in tears at our departure - but even the rain could not dampen our ardour and with open umbrella and a few (decidedly few) ha'pennies in my pocket I went (wildly) forth. Walked all around the city wall -- jaging backwards at all the historic interests as pointed out in my Penny guide to Chester. At this stage how we count the ha'pennies and a sixpence seems a dollar and a shilling a pound. In my cleanest letter to Molly I described my situation, especially my financial condition.

Molly, Molly Molly
I'm broke. Dead broke!
And it's not exactly jolly
To be broke - dead broke!!
I know you think it's jolly
And I know it is by golly!
To spend money like a volly
Then be broke. Dead broke!!!

Sho, poor girl was so sick going over. I laughed and in that cleanest letter to her I had the decency to say perhaps too - vowed to ill. My pen jocularly did the

There was a young lady named Jones
Who remarked in decided tones
I'll not be ill
I'll not need a pill
But the third day found her in moans